

THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday

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APRIL 3, 1921

OUR FIRE INSURANCE PREDICAMENT
AND OUR QUADRENNIAL CHANGE
OF PARTISAN FOOTBALLS.

The predicament in which South Bend finds itself in the matter of insurance rates, an act forth by the fire insurance underwriters, the result of our not having kept pace with the growth of the city in the matter of water supply, illustrates only one of the follies of our present system of city government. We are not saying this in criticism of the Carson administration any more than of the Keller administration or the Goetz administration. Each of them after spending about two-thirds of their time preparing a program found insufficient time left to carry them out, and their successors successively have consigned those programs to the junk heap.

The Carson administration will go the same way as did the Keller and Goetz administrations. Of course, the Goetz program could not be acceptable to Keller, not the Keller program to Carson, and Mayor Carson unless he changes to become his own successor, will see his program junked. It is the beauty of political parties, or political cliques, moving in and out, each to undo the work of his predecessor much as possible and display a different range of brilliancy.

A continuing form of government, with a commission non-partisan, and never changing as a whole at any one time, with an experienced city manager to execute plans for municipal improvement, would enable the city to pursue a definite program and eventually get somewhere. Our water system ought to be a business proposition and not a political football. We are going to hear more about this continuing system of city government during the next few days; tomorrow in particular, and all who regard the city as their's rather than a plaything for politicians will do well to listen. The address before the Chamber of Commerce tomorrow noon and the Business Women's Chamber of Commerce tomorrow evening should have a full attendance. Likewise the address before the League of Women Voters in the afternoon.

Mr. Clyde W. Ketcham, of Kalamazoo, has been through the mill; has lived under both the old mayor-council system of government, such as we have here, and under the city manager plan such as that city now has. Kalamazoo had problems very similar to our water problem; problems that were seemingly impossible of solution, with politicians at the helm. She has solved those problems and the politicians are angry, of course. They would have done it different, or probably, not at all, and then besides, the crime of their henchmen being shut out and having no part in the execution, and profit.

Accordingly this urging that everybody possible hear Mr. Ketcham at some one of tomorrow's meetings to be addressed by him. Let us forget our political highbinderies and do it for South Bend. This fire insurance problem is only one of a few where even the masses of us are being hit in the pocket-book by our existing system of partisan maladministration. We can't afford to continue it. Let us have better light.

SCOUTING IN SOUTH BEND AND ITS
PROMISE TO THE FUTURE.

The campaign for funds for Scouting in South Bend which is to be conducted this week, is one of the most worthy that has been put on here for some time. This is said too, without casting any reflections upon the others. It is different but none the less important. Those boys of today who are to be the men of tomorrow, many of them, need scouting. There are lessons in it, training in it, discipline in it, obtainable from no other source. It is the least, and at the same time the most, that any community can do for the upbuilding of its boys.

Scouting is an institution, not an experiment. It takes the rough and ready youngster—frequently more rough than ready—and converts him soon to the spirit of service; the service of the home, the school, his job, his fellows, the community. He is made to feel his obligations, to respect them; to recognize his duties, and give them preference. It is to the boy in his formative years what some advocates have said military training would do for young men—but which because of their greater maturity, such military training does not do.

Scouting does for the boy what military training promises the young man but seldom delivers. It does it too without the militarism. It inculcates patriotism, affords discipline promotes regard for duty, without any of the militaristic evils. It is in a way too, a sort of a boy's republic, involving in large measure the principles of self-government, and experience at self-determination.

South Bend cannot afford to let the movement wane. We are building for the future. The scout executive is doing excellent work, the scouts are following him—or rather accepting his directions—in excellent spirit. Indeed, if we could accomplish nothing more than to lay the groundwork for some future policemen and firemen, it would be worth more than its cost. We might even suggest the formation of scout troops, if it were possible, among the firemen and police, and the police especially. Had our policemen some of the scouting spirit, and our firemen some of the knowledge available in emergencies, among the first lessons in scouting, it would double their worth to the community at once.

But it will be good for these boys regardless of their ever becoming firemen or policemen. It will be good for them merely as plain citizens, and good for them in being good to themselves as well. We

The Foundation But Not Founder

—By John Henry Zuver—

—XVI—

It has been said that there has been only one Christian and that he was a Jew,—but that is irony. The Christianity that we know was not founded by Jesus, but by Paul; hence by a strange series of coincidences resulting in a composite institution—best defined as a cross between Pauline Judaism and Roman paganism. King Constantine introduced the paganism.

Paul never saw Jesus,—in the flesh. It was many years after the crucifixion before he even heard of Him—and he must have, at first, heartily approved of the manner after which the earthly career of Him whose cause he was later to champion, had been summarily ended.

Paul was an educated Jew and educated Jews never took kindly to the teachings of Christ, save in now and then an isolated case, such as Paul himself became,—after a severe shock. He was also a Pharisee; boasted of his learning; was strictly orthodox; thanked God he was not "like other men;" had been educated under Gamaliel, the reactionary, who was a descendant of Hillel, the progressive.

Paul's tribal name was Saul; Saul of Tarsus—but his father, a Benjamite, had been accorded Roman citizenship so that the son was "freeborn," giving him the Roman name of Paul. He scarcely, if ever, boasted of his Roman citizenship, however, save when as Saul he was getting some Christian into trouble; or as Paul, the Christian, he was trying to get himself out of trouble.

The earliest known of him was his persecution of Christians of the school of Stephen, seeing in such doctrine a new creation intolerable to Pharisaism, and therefore a heresy that needed to be suppressed. As a member of the sanhedrin he brought about the condemnation of the apostle; then invoked the Roman law to effect his execution—and joined in the throwing of the stones. Next, in his dogmatic fury, he had himself appointed an agent to "stamp out the Christians at Damascus."

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Along that road from Jerusalem to Damascus, Saul and his army of butchers were trudging their way. And then, "it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks!" Saul, struck blind, fell to earth, as the heavens opened,—but he saw the point. It was the voice and the light of Him whose followers and teaching this mad pharisee had set out to destroy.

Converted! Yes. And "what wilt thou have me to do?" Paul never directly answered the question that the secret self-consciousness of the truth he was trying to exterminate had drawn from Jesus through that burning light,—but he evidently decided not to "kick against the pricks" any longer.

Those "pricks" were the "pricks" of conscience; "pricks" of inherent intellectual bent seeping through from Hillel, despite the intermediate reaction of Gamaliel—tending even toward friendship for paganism.

The "kicks" were the "kicks" of pride; of fanatical self-assurance, intolerant of change, vain refusal to admit the possibility of any improvement that might discredit the infallibility of former ways.

What happened to Paul on the way to Damascus has since happened to millions of men; the outcome of their own little internal battles—of conflicting emotions, intellectual clashes, prejudice dueling against enlightenment,—of which the outside world never knows. They see the light and are temporarily dazed.

And as more than occasionally happens, when conversions take place, Paul became just as uncompromising, as determined, and as intolerant of his old ideas, and the things for which he had stood, as he had formerly been of the new faith which he had now come to embrace.

His conceptions of Christianity were even more furious to Jewry than the presence of Christ himself had been. He was tutored in all the intricacies of Jewish law; was by habit an expert in all the quibbles and quips of the learned,—and thus maddened his old friends and new enemies the more.

Convinced that Jesus was the actual Messiah foretold by the Jewish prophets, he set out to prove it by the use of exegesis and forensics,—but when the high priests began to talk the same judgment for him as he had helped deal out to St. Stephen, he heard a loud cry from Mesopotamia and became a missionary.

Secretly making his escape from Jerusalem and then Damascus, Paul turned his attention to the Christianizing of Gentiles; appealing to the Romans, the Ephesians, the Thessalonians, the Corinthians, the Galatians, the Colossians, the Philippians—with whom the Christian church, in fact, took first effective root.

Christ was not a Christian. He was the rock upon which Christianity was built. Paul was the chief architect.

repeat that no contribution that one can make to the community welfare could mean more to the future. They are boys, just boys, now, but it will make them better men—and more like the kind of men we need. Somebody sometime said:

"God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and honest hands;
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie!"

It is a prayer toward the answer of which nothing promises more than Scouting. It anticipates the matured life of the true scout better than anything else we know of set to words. To our mind, no more gripping instrument for the fulfillment of that prayer through direction of youth, could scarcely have been evolved even from high heaven.

THE KING BUSINESS LOOKS UP.

That former King Carl would have attempted to regain the throne of Austria and Hungary, and re-establish the dual monarchy, had he not expected to accomplish his purpose, is decidedly improbable. He must have encouragement from somewhere among the royal families with which he is aligned. That is practically certain.

Carl's chance of regaining his throne is greater in Hungary, where it might be no difficult matter to transform the regency into a restoration to the Hapsburg monarchy. Austria is a republic, but it also might be switched to Carl's side by an old-fashioned coup. Regardless of the outcome, monarchists hope to unite the two countries with Carl on the throne.

Constantine, Carl's former partner-exile in Switzerland, returned to the Greek throne, where he appears to be seated firmly. By royal marriages of two of his children, he has strengthened his position. Constantine's success, despite allied opposition, encouraged Carl to break his parole in Switzerland. The king business looks up—decidedly.

But the case of former Emperor Carl eclipses Constantine's. The Hapsburgs were equally guilty with the Hohenzollerns in starting the world war. For centuries the Hapsburg family in Vienna was the center of European intrigue, the stock exchange where diplomats traded, gambled and conspired. What we call "Trouble in the Balkans" could in nearly all cases be traced to Vienna—and the Hapsburg back door.

Give a Hapsburg a return to the throne and you'll soon have the Hohenzollerns casting their fashions toward Berlin. Back of these king intrigues is the distress of central European and Balkan people. They are dangerously ripe for anything that offers a change. Hence Hungary, possibly Austria also, may flap from the frying pan into Carl's fire.

It is, however, doubtful if the Hungarian or Austrian people would for any period of time endure the return of a monarchy. A people who have once tasted democracy will not long be content with imperialism.

Crude oil prices have been cut in two, but gasoline made from the crude oil continues high. How about it, Standard Oil?

As cost of living drops, the landlord who doesn't cut rents is in effect raising them, for his dollar steadily buys more.

It's a rare congressman who remembers speeches he made last summer.

MRS. SOLOMON SAYS—

By Helen Rowland

Being Confessions Of Wife 700th

My daughter, consider the self-complacency of man.

For it is more imperturbable than a native idol's vanity, and harder to rattle than a good lawyer's temper.

Lo, he saith in his heart:
"How the women of the world rave over me!"

"For behold, half of them are afflicted with man-omania, and are mad about me."
"And the other half are afflicted with man-phobia, and are mad at me!"

"Half of them torture their hair with dyes and stains and hot curling-tongs—for my delectation and approval—and the other half cut off their locks in imitation of me."

"Lo, the Man-omanics stain their lips with pomegranates and with carmine, and disguise their faces with rice-powder and Chinese white, that they may be beautiful in my sight."

"Yea, they shorten their skirts and their sleeves and endure torments of exposure that I may behold dimples in their knees and their elbows, to find them pleasing. They uncover their backs to the icy night wind for my admiration. They dance upon three-inch heels, that they may seem lissome in mine eyes."

"At my approach, they flutter and bite their lips and are covered with smiles of welcome; and at my departure their lives are filled with emptiness. For, unless there be a man present, life hath no charm for a Man-omanic. And all their days they battle, one with another, for my favor and my smiles."

"But the Man-phobiacs are more flattering still."

"For, although they pretend to hold me in scorn, and call me 'Ty-rant' and 'Oppressor' and 'Wom-

an's enemy!' yet do they imitate me in all things! Yea, in the bobbing of their hair and the smoking of their cigarettes, they flatter me, and follow after me."

"And, when they search out my foibles and weaknesses and hold me up to ridicule in their clubs, I greet their contumely with ha-ha's. For it is all free advertising for me!"

"They have stolen my privileges, and niched my jobs, and broken into my professions; yet in their secret meetings, all their talk is of me, and how to encompass me, and what to feed me for breakfast."

"Lo, when a Man-phobiac weddeth, she apologizeth to her friends, and scorneth to take her husband's name; and her spouse is known in the temple as a new member of the 'Only These Husbands Club.'"

"Yea, in his own house, his taste and his moods are consulted, and his slippers are laid out; and when he returneth from his labors he findeth his wife powdering her nose!"

"Verily, verily we are the irresistible sex!"

"For to be worshipped in popularity, and to be denounced is notoriety."

"And, until the women cease to love us or to hate us; until wives cease to cater to us, and widows to flirt with us, and damsels to pursue us, and virgins to camp us; yea until all women become indifferent to all men we shall continue to shine and to rejoice in the spotlight!"

"Yea, until they find something better to think about, we shall continue to be 'It!'"

"Verily, until they cease to take us seriously, and begin and take us for granted—we should worry!"

Selah.

(Copyright, 1921.)

Ignorant Essays

BY J. P. McEVOY

TWIN BED LECTURES.

Mr. Doveleigh attempted to cook himself a meal, but then you know how that is.

How many times have I told you to stay out of the kitchen? Do I go into your office and spill scrambled eggs on your desk? Do I throw egg shells on your floor? Do I smear coffee grounds on your walls? I do not! Then why do you come into my kitchen and do these things? You was hungry? Suppose you was hungry? Is that an excuse to make another Russia out of my kitchen? Did splashing coffee on the walls and throwing canned beans on the ceiling and filling the sink with burned bacon do your appetite? Do you always put scrambled eggs on the door knobs when you're hungry? How do you get that way? Is there some hidden charm in scrambled eggs when applied to door knobs, and coffee when sprinkled on walls and ceilings? Does an oven cook better when the door is torn off and do ice boxes function more efficiently when the waste pipe is stuffed with spaghetti and corn cobs? I'm asking you, do they? Aw, let me sleep.

Let you sleep! Is that the only comeback you know? You talk with Rip Van Winkle! At least Rip knew enough to keep out of his wife's kitchen. I should think a husband like Rip would be a blessing. Think of a husband who would be considerate enough to take him self away for 20 years instead of hanging around one's kitchen.

The usages of ancient times were pleasant in their way. And very capably, no doubt, they served their simple day. The common people sat about and drank their lemonade. And never tried to take a hand when kings were being made. And candidates who wished to hold a soft and purple job. Had more to do than make a winning promise to the mob.

trying to make tea with nutmegs and putting camphor balls in the soup. Who told you you could go into my kitchen anyway? And when you do swoop around in there why do you leave it looking as if a four year old child had just gone through? Who do you think you are, anyway, a wrecking crew? Or the Destroying Angel? Stay out of my kitchen, do you hear? YES, I HEAR!

Yes, you hear! A lot of good it will do. You'll be back in there again. But don't let me catch you in there. Do you hear Don't let me catch you in there? I'm a patient woman. I don't say much. * * * what did you growl for then? Did you mean to insinuate anything? I say, I don't say much. I'm patient, but you can go too far with me. The next time I get into that kitchen and find corned beef and cabbage on the window panes and the top of the kitchen cabinet covered with ripe tomatoes that have bounded off the ceiling when you tried to peel them, you'll hear from me. I DON'T DOUBT IT! I didn't say anything this time, but you'll hear from me the next time.

(From which one may deduce that Mr. Doveleigh will hear from Mrs. Doveleigh the next time.) (Copyright, 1921.)

Getting married is as simple and easy as ordering things over the telephone; getting a divorce, as complicated and soul-wearing as taking them back to the shop and trying to exchange them.

Solomon lived happily with 700 wives—but there were no "Blue laws" in those days to keep him sticking around the house all day, Sunday, no dry laws to make him grouchy at dinner, and no "in-laws" to drop in and spoil his week-ends.

After a love-spate, a woman can more easily forgive a man for cutting her dead, than for treating her with perfectly cheerful amiability.

Democracy

BY ARTHUR BROOKS BAKER.

Democracy, you must admit, is a peculiar thing.

A hundred million folks essay to pick their proper king. They get a gang of candidates all made of kingly stuff.

A gang of which the poorest one is plenty good enough. And then they fight and pull each other's metaphoric hair.

Deciding which shall mount the throne and fill the royal chair.

For four eventful, thrilling years the winners boost their man, And all the losers coldly knock in their heads the other can.

The monarch has a wart, they say, upon his nether limb, Which makes his re-election hopes precarious and slim; His wife's a polished woman, but she cannot cook a bean, Which leaves her quite unsuited for a democratic queen.

SHORT FURROWS

By Kin Hubbard



THINGS WE NEVER DO

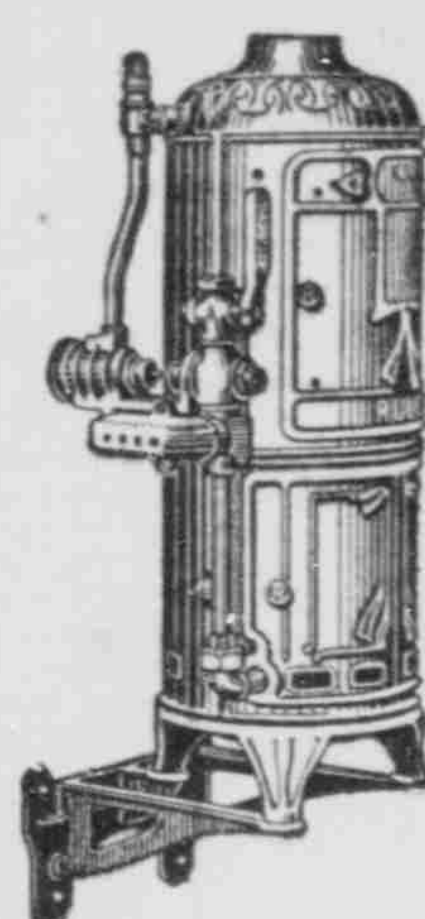
We all have some little one thing, been a goin' 't' git a left lens fer my spectacles fer th' last 20 years. I expect I've started out 't' have it looked after 40 times, but somehow I never git 't' it. It haint th' cost, fer I expect I've spent enough money other ways in th' last 20 years 't' have it fixed a half dozen times. It's jest pure fergitfulness."

I remember once when I wuz a little boy visitin' in Bowlingville, Ohio, I heerd somebuddy talkin' about lignum vitae an' I cut my visit short jest 't' git 't' ask 'em what it wuz, but I fergot all about it. Then agin after I wuz a grown man I wuz changin' cars at Forest, Ohio, fer Wauseon, Ohio, an' heerd some stranger say lignum vitae. I said 't' myself now then I'm goin' 't' find out what that is as soon as I git to Wauseon. But th' excitement o' meetin' my aunt made me fergit all about it. Ever' time I thought of it I wuz either in bed or among strangers. About a month ago I saw

th' blamed thing in print an' I've been tryin' ever since 't' look it up, by George. I can't git around 't' it. "That's th' trouble. We're all too fergitful o' little things o' life," said Iles' Wiley Tanager. "Th' little things cost th' least an' mean th' most. We're all thoughtless when it comes 't' hangin' screen doors, doin' kind acts, rememberin' our real friends an' doin' little things fer nothin'. When we git ole these things pile up on us an' then it's too lato. An' that jest reminds me I must buy a pair o' socks before I go home."

Elmer Moots wuz allus goin' 't' tell his wife how much he thought o' her, or do somethin' 't' make her think he really cared fer her—take her 't' a movie or somethin'; but he kept fergitthin' it an' fergitthin' it till one day she skipped out an' he never did git 't' tell her.

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Gas-heated hot water is cheaper in fuel cost and effort than water heated by any other means.

Never has coal cost as much as it does today. On account of the advancement in transportation charges there is little likelihood of a return to former prices.

Every home needs hot water equipment and demands hot water service. There are so many types and sizes of water heaters at such a range of prices that you can hardly afford to do without this service.

Hot water is no longer a luxury but is really essential to your health, comfort and happiness.

We invite you to visit our display room where we have on exhibition all types of water heaters ready for your inspection and where we will gladly give any information you require.

Northern Indiana Gas &
Electric Co.

219 N. Michigan Street, South Bend, Indiana

Washing Wisdom,
and Colors that Run

Every housewife knows there are colors which will run, unless washed just so.

Our washing experts know it, too. When your family bundle comes to us, everything is carefully assorted—silks here, woollens there, colored goods in one lot, white goods in another.

All of these classes are washed separately, each by an individual method which careful study and years of practice have shown to be best.

And if there are colors which may run, the dyes are set thoroughly at the very beginning, and your garments come back to you as bright and fresh as when new.

Kiddies' rompers, babies' things, school dresses and waists, frilly blouses—everything that needs washing—may be safely included in your family washing when you send it to us. WHEN YOU CLEAN HOUSE THIS SPRING—Send the Carpets and Rugs to us. Certainly, we clean them as well as Dry Clean all sorts of wearing apparel, from the flimsiest blouses to the heaviest coats.

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